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DISCORDER

That Magazine from CITS Radio 102

August 1987 Vol V No 7 Issue #55

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nal throughout the Vancouver area at 101.9 FM.
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Mainland) and Shaw (North Shore) cable systems,
but is still at 100.1 on Rogers (Fraser Valley).

Inquiries about CITS, Discorder or the Mobile
Sound System can be directed to station manager
Harry Hertscheg at 228-3017, between 10 am - 4
pm, Monday to Friday. If you want to talk to the
deejay, call 228-2487 or 228-CITS.



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ARE YOU TALKING TO ME?
WEDNESDAY
MIDNIGHT
CITR-FM 102

**ALIEN CREW ALIVE
AFTER UFO CRASH**

UP FRONT

THIS SPECIAL EDITION OF DISCORDER has a few words about music, but many words about Words. Words are soundless until spoken by the voice, the voice is an instrument, words are notes of the voice, the voice is an instrument, words are notes of the voice, so words can be music too. It's just that some people can play better than others. Like **Judy Radul**, for instance. This month's issue features an interview with this local wordplayer "performance poet" who likes to defy the meanings of some words and most people's expectations by taking her work into the nightclubs. It has got people talking, and it doesn't damage you ears either.

The centerpiece of this special edition is *What's A Word Worth To You?*, a selection of word works submitted by readers of *Discorder*. Words are obviously worth something to you people, and we would like to thank all of you who made the effort to write. For those of you whose works were not printed, they will be kept on file and perhaps featured in later issues. Thanks again.

Because of the special nature of this month's *Discorder*, your summer reading issue, and of the limited space available, *Airhead*, *Spin List*, and *Bottom Up* have all been pre-empted. They'll be back next month though in the *Big September Back to Rock'n'Roll* issue.

BEHIND THE DIAL

• When September rolls around, you know it's time for another rousing edition of *Shindig*. Vancouver's most entertaining "battle of the bands" extravaganza. *Shindig* is held weekly at the Savoy until it concludes with the finals in December. Any musicians or groups interested in being a part of *Shindig* need 35-45 minutes of original material; all demo tapes should be sent to *Shindig*, c/o CITR, 6138 SUB Blvd., Vancouver, B.C. V6T 3A5. If anyone is interested in assisting with the promotion and/or organization of *Shindig*, please call Linda Scholten at 228-3017.

• CITR concert presentations: **The Sons of Freedom** with **Skinyard** from Seattle on August 12 at the Luv-A-Fair. **Chris and Cozey** with **SPK** at Graceland, August 20. That's all folks.

The Editor

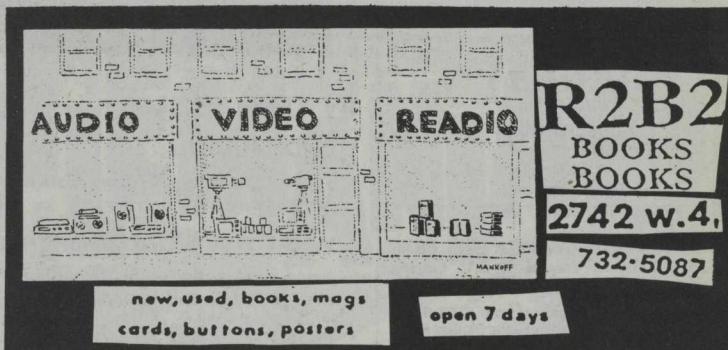
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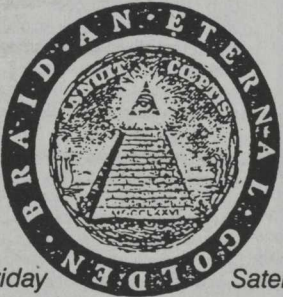
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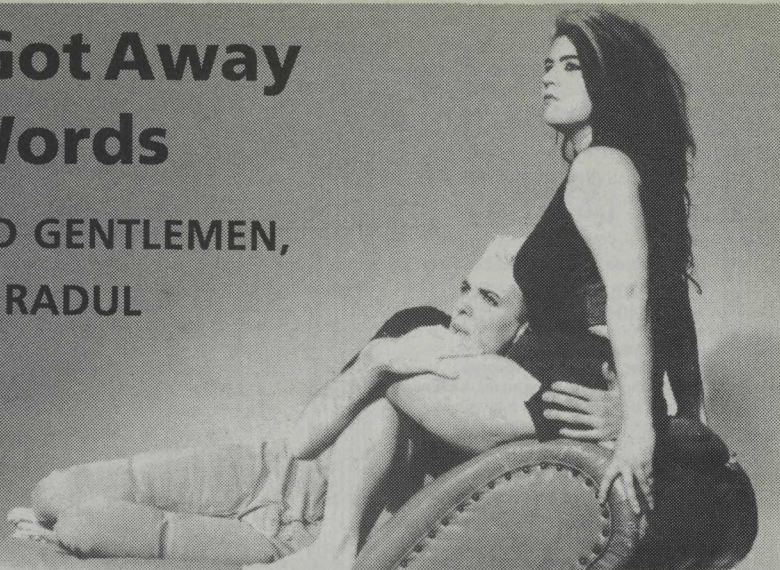
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She's Got Away With Words

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,
MISS JUDY RADUL



Judy in performance with Andrew Wilson, from "Repression, the Sleeping Maiden", Western Front, March 1987

i will work very hard to make a good performance because i have little things to share with you and i really do like you, well, most of you, or the idea of you, or maybe the idea that you like me. and we will all be feeling good in that good old fashioned way when you suddenly remember you are alive. it usually lasts only 'till the ride home is finished but good things come in small packages, and maybe we will go over to my house later for a good time.

Promises, promises, but nine times out of ten you can count on Judy Radul to deliver the goods. Though I've never been over to her house, I have had several good times watching and listening to her deliver those goods. What does she deliver? She delivers words with a punch and a wallop, a smack and a beat – words in a way that you've never heard before. Judy Radul is a poet – yes, she's a poet, but more than that she's a performer – the way she uses words is poetry, and poetry is her medium to perform.

describing things is like giving little presents, if you get it right and people get to notice what they've never seen before. violette le duc describes the sparkles on the floor of the paris subway. things like that give you instants, make you feel the moment, see the corners of the rectangle, bouncing fat warm new born seconds on your knees. but it is not fun if you can't go there so i will describe the things we have with us and between us and our little faces and voices, but we won't talk about poop, or blood or puke because a lot of people already talk about those things.

Well, what does she talk about then? She talks a lot about sex, the politics of sexual

relationships, and something that many performers do not wish to discuss, let alone acknowledge, that is, the audience-performer relationship.

i was never really interested in breaking down the barriers between performer and audience. i think that is really hard and i never saw a way that i thought was feasible or interesting enough to do that. i don't like to ask people to get up and do some sort of token participation. i think audiences always participate anyway. i like to bring that out, what their role is and what the relationship is and how and when they aren't really active. there is a line somewhere that says the performance is based on the repression of the audience by the performer because you are acting out their repressed desires in certain ways, and even just their desire to perform by doing it.

Judy has performance in her veins like most of us have blood. Her academic background is in visual arts, where she came very close to completing a degree at SFU. While writing texts for her performance art pieces, Judy found that her delivery of the words alone outside of the 'performance art' context was enough to drive an audience wild. She not only says the word, she becomes the word.

the idea of the voice....trying to think of the voice as an unbody kind of thing....the voice as bodiless. extending yourself, what the voice does as it leaves your body. when you have a conception of yourself, what you're like, what you are, a lot of that has to do with your physical being. so, i was trying to think of the voice as breaking the boundaries of the skin. extending your body so it fills

the whole room because your voice fills the whole room, it touches all the walls, it is always in context because it is affected by the sound of the room....the more i started to work with words the more i wanted to defy their meaning. i wanted to work with words in a way that they would work against themselves and be freed up a little because another thing with language is that language is completely political and tends to repeat whatever is the status quo.

Judy attempts to defy the status quo even further by taking poetry out of its smug blanket of academia, out of the book store and coffeehouse, and throwing it in the faces of club and concertgoers. She has performed with the likes of the Animal Slaves, Bolero Lava, and Rhythm Mission at various venues around the city. On August 2 she will perform with Bamff at the Venue, for a benefit for the since fire-destroyed Or Gallery.

poetry was out of favour because it was surrounded by a kind of elitism and it was a boring scene, but also because i think that anything people feel they can't understand really bothers and antagonizes them. the whole idea of understanding something is a throwback from our education system which collapses experience into one compartment, and that is not what art is all about....the thing that would keep me on the edge i think would be being able to perform in different situations. i think if i became just a club performer it would probably be detrimental to what i do. as i am now, i get asked to perform in clubs and artspace. i feel i have to push myself a lot harder and i get input and feedback from those different elements.

Judy's present goal is to take herself on tour. In September, she will be a special guest at Ultimatum in Montreal, a weeklong poetry extravaganza that attracts such high-calibre wordsmiths as William Burroughs, John Giorno, Kathy Acker, and Attila the Stockbroker. But it is a battle to extricate oneself from the amenable surroundings of this fair city, and it is only now that Judy is beginning to apply some foresight to the present situation and thinking in terms of, egads!, a career. But how do you market a poet?

the challenge is that our whole day to day existence is based on a brain-dead way of living, not much requires any probing mental power, you can easily get by without thinking deeply about anything for you whole life. i find it hard to think deeply, to concentrate, and hard to sit down and do what i want to do. i find i have a built-in distraction. it is really frustrating to feel something else inhabiting you, to be possessed by something that you don't want to have in you.

While in action though, Judy is possessed by a positive spirit that helps her achieve the results desired. She has the ability to capture the imagination of her audience with her street-wise sense of delivery. And when the beat of the words alone gets to be too much, she has her friend Mallory accompany her on drums. Judy's performances are fast-paced and to the point, and with just enough humour to keep you laughing at the wonderful absurdity of it all.

you can't give people too much space or time because they get mad thinking you're giving them nothing. to me, you're used to being continually bombarded, so if somebody put you in a room all alone that might be the best gift they could ever give you but you'd feel ripped-off, you'd feel they took everything away from you. deprivation is a good thing but you can't deprive people of food without depriving them of the sensation of hunger.

Alexander T. Graight

THE BLACK WEDGE TOUR AUGUST 13 AT GRACELAND

Last summer, the Black Wedge tour raged down the west coast from Vancouver to L.A. This summer, in August and September, the Black Wedge will be touring in Canada. The Black Wedge is a group of poets and musicians who promote a do-it-yourself direct action solution to problems of social injustice—not party politics. They got together to express their anti-authoritarian, anti-sexist, anti-racist ideas and to inspire people to get back their confidence to express opposition to the social system we live in. The Black Wedge wants to open up a whole new arena for activist resistance culture. Participating in The Black Wedge are **Mecca Normal** from Vancouver, **Rhythm Activism** from Montreal, **Peter Plate** from San Francisco, and from Toronto, **Bryan James** and **Mourning Sickness**.

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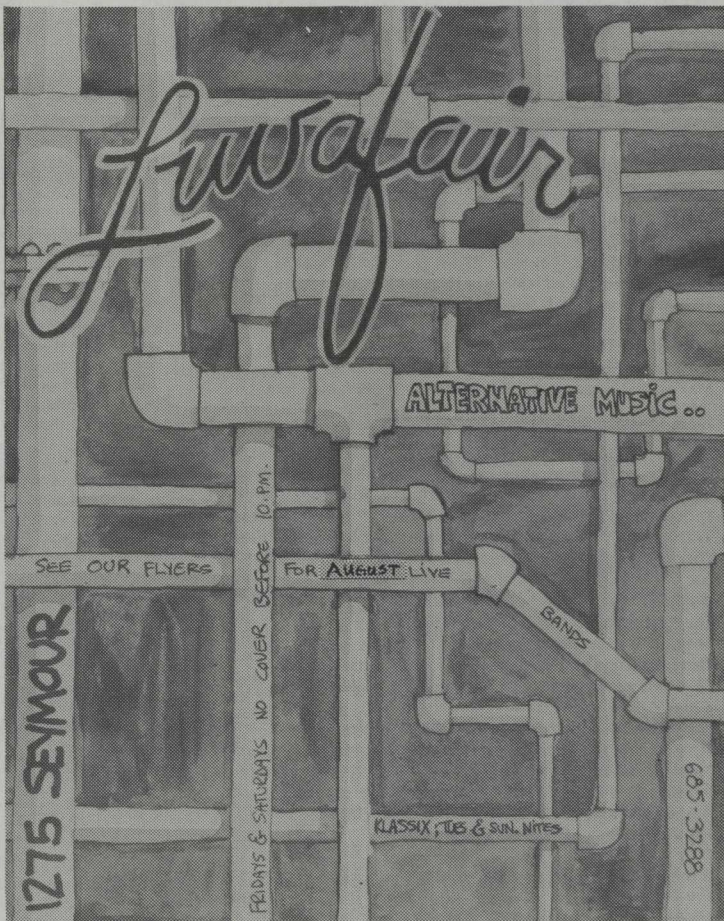
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What's A Word

Last issue, Discorder asked our readers to send in original word works to be featured in the following collection. The response was inspiring. What you see here is but a small selection from those submissions. Thanks to all of you who put pen to paper, it's good to know that the word is not dead, yet. Edited by Judy Radul and Michael Shea.

On words:

Ever since J.R. Kraft invented the word processor for today's society on the move, the "word" has never been the same. We demand that words be both convenient and have a long shelf life. While the apathy towards the "old" word has increased, an opportunistic, cunning, incestuous, closed, religious sect with a lust for power — lawyers — have taken control of old words and they have begun using them towards a warped end. The general public must wake up before the "deeds and words" druids slap a lien on the entire Earth. The only way to stop these "word mongers" is to keep using obsolete words and by spreading the word to the unaware.

Sincerely concerned,
Marc Davies

TOP OF THE POPS

In the neon glitter confetti disco
The hollow day-glo painted ladies
Preen their plastic feathers
Hellbent for designer leather
They writhe with vain feigned passion

In the pseudo art deco naugahide palace
Gutless rude-boy tarts grovel on the dance floor
Making the bondage scene with mirror xerox fakes
The wind-up Brando clones pose and strut
Shaking with fear behind their zippers and shades

Greasy sweaty jock-straps rudely slam-dance new wave wimpoids
Rippling with fat, seething opportunist anarchy, they want to be loved
Poncy video idiot self-proclaimed artists ply their Warhol image
With carefully arranged disarray, intense about the cool deception
They are creative only in insipid pretentious eccentricity

It's the sad parade of the lonely phonies
Their image is rad chic fad-gadget status
They clong together in safe conformity hipness
Pretenders one and all, in spoon-fed uniform imitation
True defenders of the glittering consumer myth

The media maggots are dread beat dead heads
They commit the smug rape of the rebel original
The mad daddy's are replaced by trendy syntho-hip consumers
Individualism is dead in the new-wave punkette jungle
And the squares need no fear,
For their greedy society will endure.

Is there ANYONE left who stands alone?

Sleepy La Goon Turner

Trying to get this down
these symbols represent sounds
arranged in a sequence
to make meaning
wrapped in the tap
of this machine
each tick
is triggered
by the snap of a synapse
that crackles like
the words going down
on this page
one word sets
off another
like a
string of fire-crackers
until all I am left with is
....

Todd Neave

CONFESSIONS OF A FUROR SCRIBENDI

Every night I sit and think about the people of letters
who have passed through the ages.
And every night I think of those who proudly say they
have never finished a book in their lives.
I sit here and use what some have used for their bread
and butter, and others have found an embarrassment.

WHY?

A GOOD QUESTION I HAVE NEVER HEARD ANSWERED ADEQUATELY.
DEFINITELY NOT FOR THE MONEY.
NOT FOR THE SATISFACTION OF TEARING A PIECE OF YOURSELF OUT
AND HOLDING IT UP FOR THE WORLD TO SEE.
PERHAPS JUST TO FIND OUT WHO IS ME.

In the dark, trembling, I look at what I just wrote.
What good will it do the world, or myself, will anyone
see it, if they do, will it mean anything to them?
Isolated from others, just to make what is here full, is
it worth it to me?
Will yes be worth it?

Richard Vilus

Worth to You?

an entire correspondence

large, flailing appendages, that have never spun, but that have held butts, maybes and goodnessakes's size is just a state of big, THEY SAY. to me it's just a rate of rise. you can fool everyone all the time, but not me. the voice is the man, not the mood, it's other. expose the pose, expend the poise, to its end. things end, and then are gone, but to where if it wasn't actually there? maybe by ending things we actually give them existence??

Regional Rhonda

The Dark Street

Dawn on the dark street
I stand alone
I stand alone among the Transsexuals,
Teenyboppers and popcorn queens
For I'm not like the rest
It's a life I detest

If nature was perfect
I wouldn't be on the dark street
Sometimes a silent tear will roll down my cheek
But it's only sadness
For I'm not weak
There's no room for weakness on the dark street
It could cost you your life

It's eleven o'clock
My stomach is tied in a knot
Preparing for the dark street
The urban scum and the rot
It never became a routine for me
Even though it's always the same scene
Standing on the sidewalk or
Walking the block, wishing
Wishing I didn't have to suck cock

Everynight's the same
When you're on the game
Need so much money
But no one's to blame

A life of strife
A life of danger
Wish I was a baby girl
Away in a manger

This is a side you seldom see
Just a human being
Trying to set themselves free
Free of these genitals
Free of this side walk of sick sex
It's a spike heeled nightmare and
I wanna wake up and
Never dream this nightmare again

Everyday people don't know much
About girls like me
They think we're all the same
If they only knew
If they only knew
What some people have to go through

Pretend to be happy
Pretend to be happy
Keep telling myself
I want out of this scene
Frustration takes its toll and
Makes suicide look inviting
But there's no future in death

Drugged out losers
Work the dark street for years
Now they're cold and they're hard
Nothing could move them to tears
After all they've seen
After all they've done
It adds up to zero

Tacky popcorn queens work the dark street
In a world of illusion
A man in the day, a "so-called" woman at night
Their lives are total confusion
Old and decrepit, they never saw the light
For the dark streets are their life
Where they pretend to be glamorous movie stars
But there's no glamour on the dark street
The candle never even got lit
For these burntout messes in dresses
And they hate the Transsexuals and
The Transsexuals hate them

Subconsciously, the cement castrates
All the girls with cocks
Some can look real
But they'll never be real

Nobody's your friend on the dark street
For almost everyone's a backstabber
They put you down because
They're so insecure

What can I say about your accident. Anyway I go to crack an egg and it says Bobby on it. Every time you reach the end of your tether you get an extension. They were so yellow they were drinking, (ringing). The red brick streets twist like sunset valleys. I don't get anyway any. Don't go crazy or wild because there is no cheque enclosed. They were so yellow they were ringing. Laughs of laugh during the festive season but now it's back to laws. Slamb. I'm sure glad I'm not in your shoes. No crime in going to work looking tired. Please hold onto them until I can send some money. Quickly losing its minor status. Should be a nice trip. When this girl goes back to Mexico I'm afraid the monetary situation will be dire. But that's not till October. Got some pretty grim smiles. My mother didn't care if I even wore underwear as long as I was hit by a clean ambulance.

Gerald Creede

Girls get assaulted, raped and beaten
Almost every night
But nobody cares
Nobody cares about hookers
If one gets murdered nobody bats an eye
But that girl was someone's daughter
And her mother will cry

It's hard not to hate
Yet it's so hard to love
When you live in this state
You can't wait to get out
It's like a sidewalk prison of pervers

The dark street saps my energy dry
So simple to see why
I'm afraid to die
Afraid to die at the hands of a sex depraved sicko
That I have no respect for, only contempt

A lot of the harlots look so destitute
So easy to see where their money goes
In their arms or up their nose
But mine all goes to doctors
In this age of plastic surgery

My eyes stare out blank, icy and cold
Everyone thinks I'm stoned
But I'm just a person so alone
Like some people are

I was born innocent and
My innocence somehow never got lost
Even on the dark street

Jane Seymour

flatness

falling
very lightly down
on a horizon
which was geometric flatness

sometimes
something else
mostly though flatness

his heart very much completely
flatness

into the night
the moon too
seemed flatness

Doug Stetar

*i caught an incorrect line
slip from your eyes
a contradiction resolved in a sigh
as obscene secretions dripped
between your position papers
and my concrete proposal*

forging a rough basis of unity
 we can carnally press our advantages
 in the struggle to merge proletarian tendencies
 if you have difficulty grasping the logic of history
 i could overlook some objective conditions
 while gently stimulating the most voluptuous elements
 of your lower committees, giving complete prominence
 of politics in all spheres of endeavour

but, i can wait, if you want to get kinky

we can delicately work over complex programs
i'll run my tongue along your sweet anthesis
no fooling with the degenerated corpse of capitalism
or the running dogs of u.s. imperialism
i'm just into anarchist deviations and guevarist heresies
succumbing to the lure of italism, stressing the role
of rearguards in building guerrilla campaigns
i could provide you with stern leadership
thrusting forward imposing challenges
to your lusty organizing drives
then at the right historical moment
i could purge your dissidents with my intractable line
ultimately synthesizing and absorbing all opposition
into the party with pleasure

but, alas, comrade we can't hold ourselves
back from the people's struggle
in an orgy of shifting allegiances
a surging revolutionary tide is sweeping
out of my burning flesh
my testicles are as heavy
as quotes from stalin
and i can feel myself coming
like the liberation army
into saigon

ken lester

language has its seasons
its rhymings and chimings
its uses, abuses... and fashions
its antiquarian design

a sieve its function
and Loss its stock-in-trade
of leviathan proportion: it can
swallow, whole, sundry realities

Mike M. Tropp

86 street

Saturday August 1

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Sunday August 2 VTC/CBO or door

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PARADOX

Sunday August 30

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miracles? Well I'm going to show you now
with my inspirational

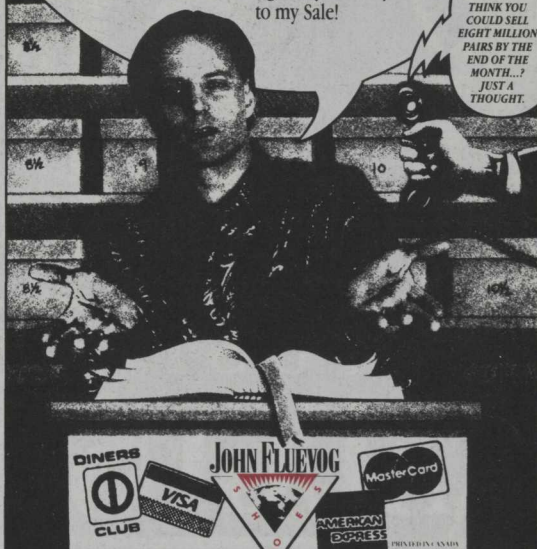
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into your pocketbooks and you'll be blessed with beautiful
savings. Know the true joy of spending as I lift your sole
just a little closer to Paradise. Friends, this Sale is a regular
burning bush of bargains, the One True Path to spectacular
savings! I mean, hey, Jesus saves—why shouldn't you?

So friends, Get down here before August Thirty First,
and your eyes will see the Glory. Get a free catalogue, too.
But after that, you'll have to pray pretty hard before
you see savings like this again! May the Lord Bless
and guide you safely
to my Sale!

HI, JOHN.
IT'S ME.
SAY...
THINK YOU
COULD SELL
EIGHT MILLION
PAIRS BY THE
END OF THE
MONTH...?
JUST A
THOUGHT.



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MUSIC FESTIVAL
AUGUST 20 - 29

VANCOUVER
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ONTARIO

SHEEP LOOK UP
SUFFER MACHINE
OCTOBER CRISIS
13 ENGINES
PIG FARM
BRATTY AND THE BABYSITTERS
RHEOSTATICS
THE BOOKMEN
RANDY PETERS

QUEBEC

JERRY JERRY AND THE SONS OF RHYTHM
ORCHESTRA
DISAPPOINTED A FEW PEOPLE

MANITOBA

HELL CATS
MONUMENTS GALORE

SASKATCHEWAN

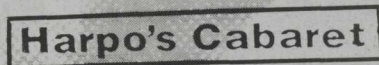
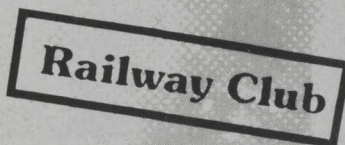
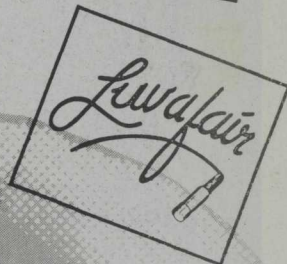
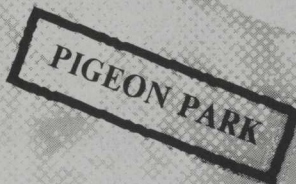
ACTIVE JOY
SHATTERED ILLUSIONS

ALBERTA

BAD HOUSEKEEPING
EUTHANASIA
BIG HOUSE
THIS FEAR
UPANGY BOTTOMS
COLOR ME PSYCHO

BRITISH COLUMBIA

OVERSOUL SEVEN
RAINWALKERS
THE WARDELLS
STUBBORN BLOOD
WUNDER BRED
HIP TYPE
FOUR ONES
BAMFF
THE NERVOUS FELLAS
DEAD CATS
SPORES
TERMINAL CITY
BOILERMAKERS
COIN PAID CALLS
DEATH SENTENCE
HUNTING PARTY
ROOTS ROUND-UP
FAMILY PLOT
KILL PUSSYCAT KILL
SONS OF FREEDOM
D.O.A.
LOST DURANGOS
SCRAMBLERS
24 GONE
I BRAINEATER
NO MEANS NO



"Western Canada's largest's independent music festival ever staged... promises to become one of the highlights of a West Coast summer."

Rock Express, October, 1986

August 1986... For ten days, CATTLE PRODUCTIONS played host to 37 bands from across Canada. The event was the Canadian Independent Recording Artists in Concert (CIRAC) Festival, and consisted of 58 performances at eight different venues in Vancouver and Victoria. Among the performers were the Shuffle Demons and Amoeba Quiche from Toronto, Monuments Galore and The Beach Mutants from Winnipeg, 39 Steps from Montreal, D.O.A. and Oversoul 7 from Vancouver, and Vox Violins and The Misery Goats all the way from Halifax.

It was a party, a holiday, a networking session and a media event.

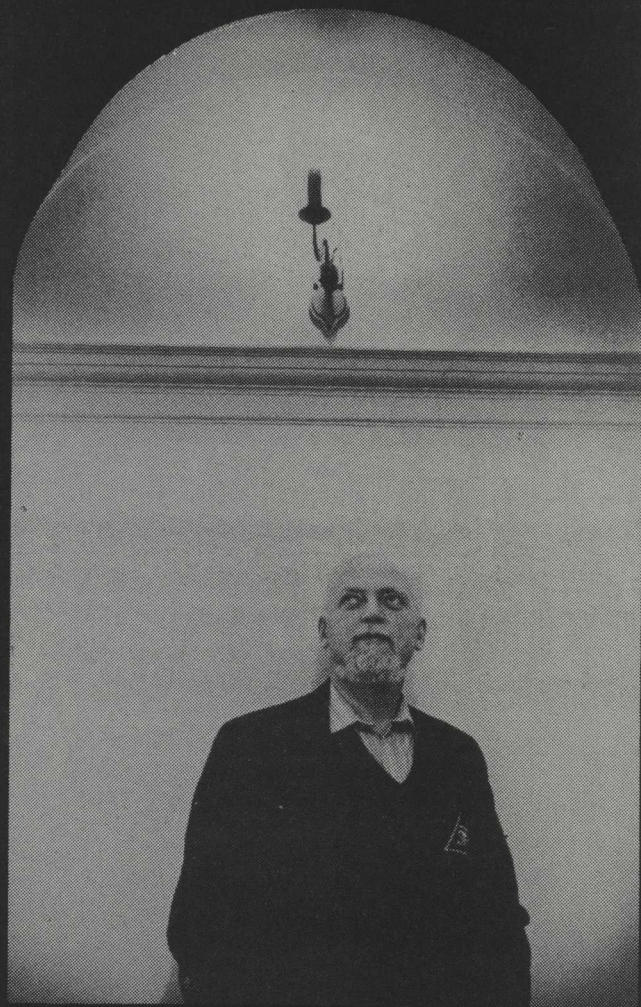
AUGUST 1987... This year's Canadian Independent Music Festival runs for ten days starting August 20th and promises to be a repeat success. Last year's festival was heralded a hit by both local and national media, the artists and audience alike.

CATTLE PROD presents the '87 festival with more bands, more venues, more fun.
Don't miss it!

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ROBERT ANTON WILSON IS A novelist, poet, playwright, lecturer, stand-up comic, psychologist and Futurist. As a science-fiction writer, he is the co-author (with Robert Shea) of the *Illuminatus Trilogy* which won the 1986 Prometheus Hall of Fame Award, and author of the *Schroedinger's Cat* trilogy (called "the most scientific of all science-fiction novels" by *New Scientist*). Among his historical novels are *The Earth will Shake*, *The Widow's Son*, and *Mask's of the Illuminati*.

Wilson holds a Ph.D. in psychology from Hawthorn University, edited the Forum department of *Playboy* for six years, and regularly gives seminars at Esalen and other New Age centers.

His non-fiction works of Futurist psychology and guerilla ontology include the famous *Cosmic Trigger*, *Prometheus Rising*, and *Right Where You Are Sitting Now*. His latest books include a novel, *Nature and Nature's God*, and a polemic against Fundamentalist Materialism, *The New Inquisition*. Wilson has made a comedy record (*Secrets of Power*), a punk rock record (*The Chocolate Biscuit Conspiracy*), and was a guest of the Norwegian government at the 1986 Oslo International Poetry Festival.

Here follows words from the mouth and hand of R.A.W. Remember, do not believe everything you hear or read. A positive cynicism is the sign of a healthy mind.

■ *The world is my laboratory. A friend of mine in Boulder says that my principal occupation seems to be internationalizing my nervous system. When I'm not at home writing, I'm bouncing all over the world, meeting exciting people, getting new ideas, trying new devices. I've gotten embroiled with a futurist group in Oslo who are trying to start a Scandinavian space program to dramatize the peaceful exploitation of space, and to shame the USA and Russia into imitating them by also taking a peaceful attitude*

THE R. A .W. TRUTH

Robert Anton Wilson is a master of transformational entertainment. He is a magician who turns tricks with the truth; he is a gambler who deals with doubt. Mr. Wilson made an appearance at the New York Theatre this past spring, and laid his cards on the table. But is he playing with a full deck?

towards space. I've been investigating Brain change machines which can change your brainwaves instantaneously, which I think is the greatest breakthrough since LSD. I've tried a couple of them, and the result is that you go to any desired level of consciousness. It's pretty easy to induce an out of body experience with these machines.

■ On the surface, my new book *The New Inquisition* is pretty much an attack on scientific fundamentalism, below the surface it's actually a satire on all forms of fundamentalism. I'm just using scientific fundamentalism as an illustration, the book actually tries to undermine every form of dogma, and intolerance in the world. I don't have small ambitions (laughing). I expect to change the world. Why aim at anything smaller? But the world is changing me too, it's a reciprocal process. And I'm only one atom of this huge molecule, which is the change agent. The change agent is a metaphor, made up of thousands of people, some of the ring leaders I've met recently, and others are good friends, and others I've never met at all. I've just read their books, I don't even know if some of them exist. And so we're all part of this big molecule, and it'll go ahead whether I'm here or not.

■ I can't take myself too seriously, so when other people take me too seriously it makes me nervous. I find opposition flattering, if there was no opposition I'd be sure that I was not doing anything original or noteworthy. As long as there's a vigorous opposition I figure I'm doing something worthwhile. I don't want people to repeat what I say, I want people to think about what I say and make their own integration of it. I'm always trying to disprove anything that I think I'm tending to believe too strongly. Even if there's no doubt in my mind, I try to create some. I think that politics is the last place that basic evolutionary change appears, so looking at politics is rear-view mirrorism, it's just looking at the past. I try to look at the future, so I don't pay all that much attention to politics...

□ Against the paranoia that easily infests either Establishment dogma and anti-Establishment dogma, the only defense I see is agnosticism, well-flavoured with a sense of humour, and an awareness of one's own fallibility. I suspect a great deal, but as long as Government Secrets exist, I am not sure of anything.¹

□ It seems that to believe in that Ideal (Platonic) World requires another leap of faith and I, as an agnostic, won't jump. I'll just stand here and wonder. Maybe there is such a world, but since we can't tune it in or experience it we can't talk meaningfully about it...I think that's why (we) gave up the word reality...²

■ I have a lot of fans in the punk rock business. I keep getting records from people in the mail, people that like my books, I've got a tremendous collection of punk rock. I was giving a lecture in Dublin, and this group

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called the Golden Hoardes came up to me afterwards and said that they would like to do a record with me. We talked it over, at a pub, had some drinks, and then I wrote some lyrics and they set them to music. Then we went to the recording studio, in between their singing I improvised little surrealist poems. They were professional musicians who were not very successful, their biggest hit was a song called Welcome Home, Boy George, when he came back to Ireland for a while. This was last year that we did this record. My tastes run more towards Beethoven, but I find punk a very interesting experiment. I've been trying to understand it for a long time and finally the anthropologist William Irwin Thomson gave me the whole

clue in one sentence: he said punk is playing on the interface between noise and information. I think that defines it perfectly.

□ We might all become startlingly sane, or at least much less stupid, if we tried, even occasionally, to look dispassionately and without prejudice at precisely those events which do not seem to fit our own favourite reality-tunnels or tunnel.³

□ I am not so modest myself, as the reader may have noticed. I take full responsibility for the reality-labyrinths presented in my novels, and in alleged works of non-fiction like this catalog of blasphemy and heresy (*The New Inquisition*). My business

is intellectual comedy, or surrealism, and is offered as entertainment for those bold bad folks who are not frightened out of their wits by such guerilla ontology. Since I am the artist who invented this emic reality, I cannot regard it as anything else but an extension of my hilarious good humour – or my madness – as you will.⁴

This should give you a general idea of the kind of intellectual proliferation that Robert Anton Wilson indulges in. But only if you are familiar, or plan to become familiar with Wilson's work, will any of this have more than a passing influence on you. This man has ideas, has thought them through, and a lot of them make sense. The young, ideologically disillusioned, those who have nagging doubts about what "authority" tells them, and especially all supporters of free thought, this man is for you (us). He may not change your life (he doesn't want to!), but you can, if you want. And maybe you can help others to be more aware, to widen their own reality tunnels. Think hard, if you dare, about this excerpt from *The Illuminati Papers*:

Taxation is robbery, based on monopoly of weapons.

Rent is the daughter of taxation, the taxation of land by private groups, based on monopoly of land.

Interest is the son of rent, the rent of money, based on monopoly of coinage.

In the "free market", competition would drive prices down to the level of cost (approximately).

In monopoly capitalism, price always equals at least cost plus taxation plus rent plus interest.

Monopoly capitalism is not a free market.

Stupidity is a contagious socio-semantic disturbance which afflicts all of us.

Stupidity murders geniuses, burns books, slaughters populations, blocks progress.

There is nothing rationally desirable that cannot be achieved if rationality itself increases.

Neurochemistry means the human nervous system studying and improving itself: intelligence studying and improving intelligence.

Why be depressed, dumb, and agitated when you can be happy, smart and tranquil?

Robert John Shea

Notes:

¹ Robert Anton Wilson, *The New Inquisition*, page 64.

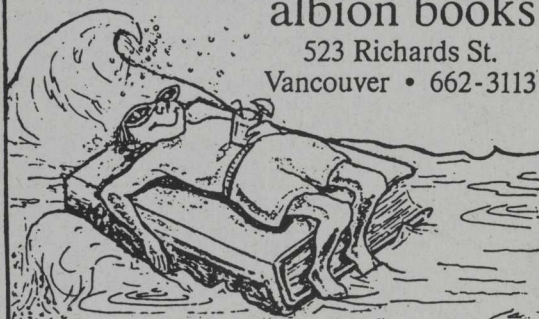
² Ibid, page 141.

³ Ibid, page 91.

⁴ Ibid, page 91.

albion books

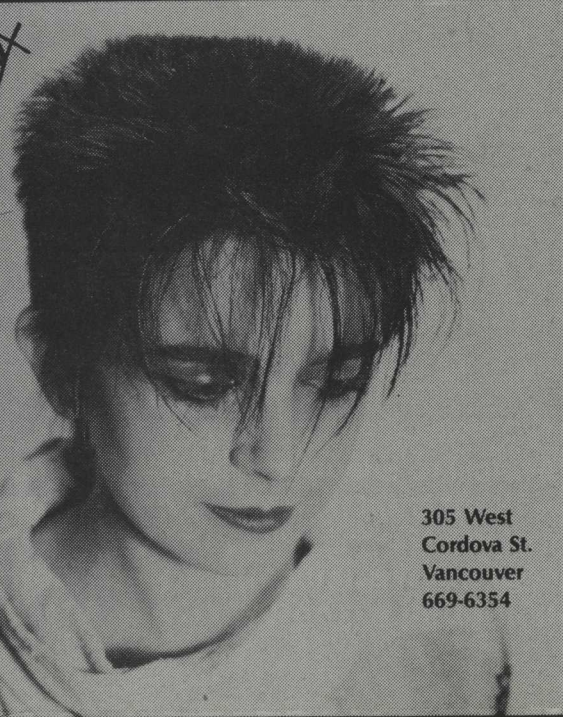
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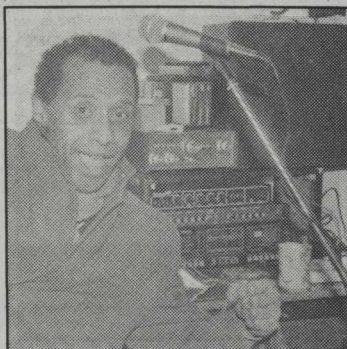
VINYL VERDICT

Wake Up Fanzine presents A 6 Track Miners Benefit EP Wake Up Records

With the possible exception of Vietnam, Britain's great National Union of Mineworkers Strike of 1984-85 has had more angry songs written about it than any other event in post-war history. The strike is long over, of course, but the bitter divisions and North-South tension created by the strike remain. As part of this, the Red Wedge and other musicians, especially those grouped under the rogue folk umbrella, have continued to draw inspiration from the strike and the social and political conflicts it engendered; sometimes veering close to pure propaganda (cf. Test Department).

Whether or not you agree with what these artists have to say, it is undeniable that, artistically speaking, linking music and poli-

tics can be a calamitous mistake. However, the music of people like the Pogues, the Men They Couldn't Hang, the Redskins and

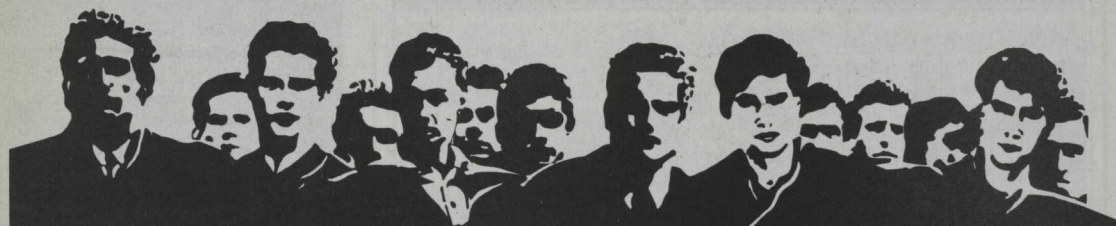


Billy Bragg ultimately succeeds despite the sometimes uneasy coalition of guitar and slogan. It succeeds because, as with the

early Clash, no matter how awkward or inarticulate the cry for change may get, the honesty and emotion behind it can never be disputed.

Which brings us to this EP. Not actually about the strike, it is, rather, a benefit record with all profits going to the Miners Support Group, which provides assistance to miners who were sacked, imprisoned or otherwise disciplined for their part in the strike. Rogue folk flavoured, the disc offers a number of interesting performances.

Billy Bragg is joined by the Neurotics and Attila the Stockbroker for a faithful, live rendition of the Clash chestnut *Garageland*, a performance which reveals how much rogue folk owes to Strummer, Jones and Co. The Neurotics and Attila the Stockbroker each get a track to themselves (which results in two heavy, didactic tracts), as does a newcomer, Kevin Seisay, who contributes yet another song about the Challenger: "a flash in heaven, the magnificent seven are dead."



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The real attractions though are two live tracks, one by the Redskins (in their farewell performance at Munich last year), the other by Bragg (at the 1986 Lieder Summer festival in East Berlin). Bragg covers an old Sam Cooke tune *A Change Is Gonna Come*, originally written about the struggle for black civil rights in sixties America. He draws obvious parallels with South Africa today and, accompanied by his trademark single electric guitar, delivers the song to the hushed audience with an emotion that transcends the song's political content. When he sings, "It's been a long, long time coming, but I know a change is gonna come," it is a cry of faith, not political

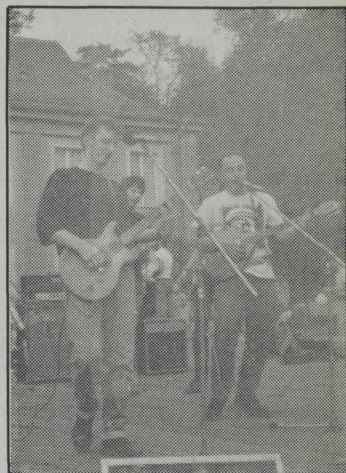
doctrine. It is perhaps as close to true soul music as a white man can come.

To complement this, the Redskins turn in a stunning version of one of Bragg's own tunes. The awesome *Levi Stubb's Tears* is given an arrangement Norman Whitfield and Barrett Strong would be proud of, and is delivered with the same emotion given it by Bragg himself. It works: this and *A Change Is Gonna Come* are two extremely powerful and, yes, soulful performances.

Politics and music are a volatile mix which can easily blow up in the artist's face. Billy Bragg stands out for his brilliant handling of such an unpredictable brew, not just for his passion, honesty and commitment. And,

in the end, this is a Billy Bragg record. The Redskins' Chris Dean may call him "Neil Kinnock's publicity officer", but on this EP he shows again how far he transcends the ridiculous tirades of Test Department and the heavy-handed bitterness of Attila the Stockbroker. Whether as writer or performer, Bragg is the most arresting Briton in music today. And that's no propaganda.

Iain Bowman



BILLY BRAGG

RIDGE

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SHADEY

He's more than a woman trapped in a man's body...
He's Britain's latest spying machine against the Russians.
God Save the Queen!

ANTHONY SHER
KATHERINE HELMOND &
PATRICK MACNEE

Starts Friday following HERO



SHOWTIMES 7:30 & 9:30

"BRAVE AND VICIOUS...
THE PRISONER IS A SCANDALOUS, BRILLIANT FILM...
WITH SOMETHING GOOD TO SAY ABOUT EVERYBODY...
SARAH GILL, LONDON...
(London Evening News First Review)"



**A VIRUS
RESPECTS
NO
MORALS**
Starts Friday
Following SHADY

A BLACK COMEDY ABOUT AIDS
DIRECTED BY ROSA VON PRÄUNHEIM

SHOWTIMES 7:30 & 9:15

THE MOST CONTROVERSIAL FILM OF THE YEAR!



"TWO THUMBS UP!"

—SHEL & EBERT & THE MOVIES

"TASTEFULLY EXPLOIT..."

—Lester Kermant, NEW YORK POST

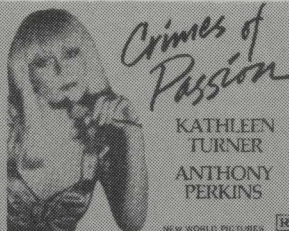
"A BRAZENLY ORIGINAL FILM
ABOUT HIRED SEX."

—J. Robinson, VILLAGE VOICE

★★★★★

—William Wolf, GANNETT NEWS SERVICE

WORKING GIRLS



KATHLEEN
TURNER
ANTHONY
PERKINS

NEW WORLD PICTURES

7:30

STARTS FRIDAY

FOLLOWING VIRUS

9:30

BACK BY POPULAR DEMAND!

GATES OF HEAVEN

★★★★★★★★

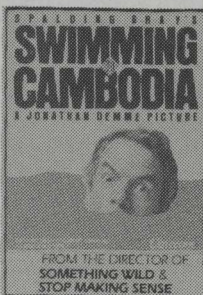
"...One of the most brilliant...
wierdest and most unusual
American documentary films
I've seen in a long time."

—Roger Ebert

"...Gates of Heaven is the
only authentic state of the
union address."

—Werner Herzog

★★★★★★★★



SPALDING GREYS
**SWIMMING
CAMBODIA**
A JONATHAN DEMME PICTURE

FROM THE DIRECTOR OF
SOMETHING WILD &
STOP MAKING SENSE

7:30

STARTS FRIDAY FOLLOWING WORKING GIRLS

9:30

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used & old
BOOKS



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ON THE DIAL

CITR fm 102

WEEKDAY HIGHLIGHTS

MONDAYS

THE JAZZ SHOW

9:00-12:30 am

Vancouver's longest-running prime time Jazz program, featuring all the classic players, the occasional interview, and local music news. Hosted by the ever-suave Gavin Walker.

03 Aug. A feature that did not happen in July will happen tonight. The great South African pianist, composer Abdullah Ibrahim (Dollar Brand) leads his band EKAYA to "Water From An Ancient Well."

10 Aug. A Count Basie Jam Session! Basie selected all these great players to session with him and create wonderful sounds. People like Stan Getz, Wardell Gray, Buddy De Franco, Harry 'Sweets' Edison, Buddy Rich and more... Hot stuff!

17 Aug. "The State of the Tenor" ...Joe Henderson at his very best...Joe performs live with just Ron Carter (bass) and Al Foster (drums) as a backdrop. Magical music.

24 Aug. "And His Mother Called Him Bill" ...Duke Ellington's great recorded tribute to his alter ego...composer/pianist Billy Strayhorn, who lay dying in a New York hospital as the tribute was being recorded. Duke Ellington and his great orchestra at their sensitive best.

31 Aug. As school is just around the corner... "A Short History of Jazz," narrated (with musical examples) by the great saxophonist Julian "Cannonball" Adderley. Recorded in 1960, it stands as one of the most entertaining and educational recordings of its time. A Jazz Show repeat.

TUESDAYS

ELECTRONIC SMOKE SIGNALS

10:00-11:00 am

PEST CONTROL

11:00-1:00 pm

Whether it's plague-spreading rodents, paranoid schizophrenic parents, or just a case of fire ants in your futon; host Don Cerveza has a remedy for all pests. Music...

BLOOD ON THE SADDLE

1:00-3:00 pm

Every second Tuesday, music to scrape the cow-shit off your boots to.

GET SERIOUS

3:00-5:00 pm

Stravinsky to Schoolly-D, Gregorian Go-Go Chant, and t-t-talk. DJ interference by Don Chow.

RECTAL RECTITUDE

5:30-8:00 pm

SOUL GALORE

8:00-9:30 pm

Steve and Anne spin soul platters conveying an extraordinarily intense sensitivity and emotional fervour. Wipe away those lonely teardrops and twist the night away, you red-blooded boys and girls.

04 Aug. Chicago Scene Part I.

11 Aug. Chicago Scene Part II.

BUNKUM OBSCURA

9:30-1:00 am

Norm Narley presents tunes for the afterbirth of the Pepsi generation.

PLAYLOUD

1:00-4:00 am

Misery. No one deserves to be entertained. Aural surgery performed by Larry Thiessen.

WEDNESDAYS

ANOTHER KIND OF WEDNESDAY

7:30-10:30 am

Feeling tired and run down in the morning? Let Sidney Killpigge into your home and he will be more than happy to kick your lazy ass out of bed.

NERVOUS NORBERT

1:00-3:00 pm

Get your CITR memberships NOW, 'coz the revolution will NOT be televised... August is 'last-chance-before-the-rush' month. 228-3017 is the number.

LOUIS LOUIS

3:00-5:00 pm

THE LION'S DEN

5:15-5:30 pm

Neil Davis will interview players, coaches and special guests on The Lion's Den. There will also be a trivia contest, the prizes being gift certificates for the Fogg 'n Suds Restaurant.

Oral Dave welcomes you to...

MY WONDERFUL WORLD

5:30-8:00 pm

...more to come.

THE AFRICAN SHOW

8:00-9:30 pm

The latest in modern African dance music plus/minus a few oldie but greats and extras. Your way we come every Wednesday at 8:00. Information—News as they come at 8:30 pm. Possible special features at 9:00. Your host: Umerah P. Onukwulu. Welcome.

ARE YOU TALKING TO ME?

Midnight-4:00 am

Sick and tired of all this punk, new wave, underground bullshit? Elevator music is where it's at... Travis B. lights up your life and plays the best Montovani and Muzak.

THURSDAYS

THE VINYL FRONTIER

5:30-8:00 pm

The Spinlist will never be the same again! Tune in. Turn on. Drop out.

TEENAGE TROPIC

9:00-11:00 pm

The Torper ends this month. I'm off to the languid Mediterranean in September. Ciao, baby.

MEL BREWER PRESENTS

11:00-Midnight

Getting your band out of the Rec Room and on to a Record in two easy lessons:

06 Aug. Starting a band; kicking people out of the band; recording a demo tape; getting a demo tape played on CITR & getting that first gig.

13 Aug. Getting more gigs; getting publicity; attracting the attention of local record labels; making videos and making a record.

20/27 Aug. The 2nd Annual Canadian Independent Music Festival Showcase. (Bands that listened on Aug. 06 and 13.)

FRIDAYS

FRIDAY MORNING MAGAZINE

7:30-10:30 am

Regular features include multi-dimensional profiles of wilderness issues, feminist ideologies, children's culture, and what's happening around Vancouver. Kirby Hill oversees the whole operation.

07 Aug. New Theatre at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre. Hollyhock Farm presents new ideas in personal development.

14 Aug. New Jazz from Steve Kuhn. Babatunje Olatunje interview. Dance Net-working.

21 Aug. CATS are still a prowl'n. More Theatre magic.

28 Aug. Works in Progress: A preview of the 1987 Fringe Festival. Plus Concert and Club listings.

TRIBES AND SHADOWS

10:30-11:30 am

A program that explores "New Consciousness." Dreams, myths, cultures and rituals all take context, bridging the gap between Dark and Light. Featuring the innovative, the eclectic and the stirring diversities inherent in the musical fabric of our world. Hosted by Kirby Hill.

07 Aug. The Electronic Exploration of Susan Frykberg; On casting the Feminine. The Magic of Jeff Corness. Plus new music from Nonesuch Records.

14 Aug. Paul Plimley and percussion.

21 Aug. Ray Piper: New Brazilian Music in Vancouver.

NEOFILE

6:00-9:00 pm

CRACK RHYTHM

9:00-midnight

A large, messy, enigmatically entertaining evening program, highlighting the hefty sounds of exotic beats and the malicious chunk of modern funk, with constant and current info on the Vancouver alternative music scene supplied by those who should know. Hastily hosted by Robert Shea.

14/21 Aug. Live broadcast from Graceland: Ever been two places at once?



FM 102

	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
7:30							
8:00	NEWS, SPORTS, WEATHER GENERIC REVIEW, INSIGHT						
9:00	RANDOM DESIGNS	Jennifer Chan	ANOTHER KIND OF WEDNESDAY	EXCITED FIRST DJ-ESS	FRIDAY MORNING MAGAZINE	THE SATURDAY EDGE	MUSIC OF OUR TIME
10:00	FINE LINES	ELECTRONIC SMOKE SIGNALS	TNT COMEDY SHOW	FINE LINES			
11:00			T.B.A.		TRIBES AND SHADOWS		
12:00	Kevin Williams	PEST CONTROL		Pierre Huish	Joanna Graystone		T.O.T.I.
1:00	CITR NEWS, SPORTS, WEATHER					POWER CHORD	
2:00	DOG'S BREAKFAST	BLOOD ON THE SADDLE	NERVOUS NORBERT	Stacey Fruin	THE ED.D.J. SHOW		THE ROCKERS SHOW
3:00							
4:00	WAYNE COX'S BRAIN	GET SERIOUS!	LOUIS LOUIS	PARTY WITH ME, PIERRE & JACQUES!	Peter Courtemanche	CLOCK THE BEAT	BLUES CITY SHAKE DOWN
5:00	NEWS, SPORTS, WEATHER GENERIC REVIEW, INSIGHT, DAILY FEATURE						
6:00	PERMANENT CULTURE SHOCK	RECTAL RECTITUDE	MY WONDERFUL WORLD	THE VINYL FRONTIER	CRAPSHOOT	SAT. MAGAZINE	SUNDAY MAG.
7:00					NEOFILE	T.O.T.I.	T.W.W.S.I.
8:00	MORE DINOSAURS	SOUL GALORE	THE AFRICAN SHOW	TOP OF THE BOPS		THE MEAN TIME	JUST LIKE WOMEN
9:00							
10:00	THE JAZZ SHOW	BUNKUM OBSCURA	Stan Jargon	TEENAGE TORPOR	CRACK RHYTHM	WATCH THE LANGUAGE	FAST FORWARD
11:00				MEL BREWER PRESENTS			
12:00							
1:00	JUST THERE	PLAYLOUD	ARE YOU TALKING TO ME?	EXHIBITIONISM	THE VISITING PENGUIN SHOW	TUNES 'R' US	LIFE AFTER BED
2:00							FLOYD'S CORNER
3:00							
4:00							
WEEKDAY REPORTS			SATURDAY REPORTS			SUNDAY REPORTS	
8:00	MAJOR NEWS/SPORTS		Noon	MAJOR NEWS/SPORTS		10:00	VAN. NEW MUSIC CALENDAR
10:00	NEWSBRIEF		6:00	SATURDAY EVENING		Noon	NEWS/TALK OF THE TOWN
1:00	NEWSBREAK			MAGAZINE		6:00	SUNDAY MAGAZINE
3:00	NEWSBRIEF		6:30	TALK OF THE TOWN		6:30	THE WAY WE SEE IT
5:00	MAJOR NEWS/SPORTS						

THE VISITING PENGUIN SHOW

Midnight-4:00 am

Listen to Paula babble between songs, plead for your requests, and generally have a lot of fun. Loads of guests, except when nobody visits. Sigh. Sometimes it is lonely at the top.

WEEKEND HIGHLIGHTS

SATURDAYS

THE SATURDAY EDGE

8:00-noon

O.K., it's Saturday morning. It's too damn early to pay attention to anything serious; you certainly don't want to wake up to a deafening, discordant thrashing sound from your radio, so CITS has press-ganged Steve Edge into presenting the Saturday morning show. No hardcore or metal, no squealing saxophony, just lots of interesting stuff, ranging from reggae, blues and other roots music to **The Edge on Folk** at 10 a.m. There will also be lots of British comedy to help Brits Go Home, as well as The Compleat Month Python at 11:45.

The Edge On Folk will air the following features during August:

01 Aug. A look back at the Vancouver Folk Music Festival, and a look forward to Rory Block, Country Blues Star, who will be at The Savoy on the 5th.

08 Aug. Mullingar, the house band at The Kelowna Folk Club, make their Vancouver debut at The Rogue Folk Club/Savoy tomorrow. This feature should give you an idea of how good they are...

15 Aug. Virtuoso Northumbrian piper/fiddle player Kathryn Tickell may only be 19, but she is exceptionally talented. She should be in town in the Spring, but at present she is virtually unknown in Canada.

22 Aug. Australian folk legend Eric Bogle is in town on the 23rd. This man wrote such classics as "And the Band Played Waltzing Matilda" and "Green Fields of France." A superb singer/songwriter, who can also be extremely amusing.

29 Aug. This week's visitors are Scotland's awesome Tannahill Weavers. Their new line-up is probably their best yet, and their latest two albums attest to that. They play at Robson Square Media Centre on the evening of the 29th. August sees the beginning of a new season of U.K. soccer. **The Edge on Soccer** will provide

updates, scores, reports, etc., on the games in the Old Country, as well as featuring the progress of the Canadian Soccer League, and the Vancouver 86ers in particular. This is the definitive soccer show in town. It takes place at 11:30 a.m. every Saturday.

POWER CHORD

Noon-3:00 pm

CLOCK THE BEAT

3:00-6:00 pm

He may be black.
He may be white.
But he's got everything,
From Pils to Red Stripe.

The ever-open fridge...
Underones' party...Toronto.
The bus to Boston

August...last month of summer...
Listen to my show
Before it's too late.

SATURDAY EVENING MAGAZINE

6:00-6:30 pm

Featuring news, sports, weather, Insight, Generic Review, Today in History, Across the Atlantic.

TALK OF THE TOWN

6:30-7:00 pm (& Sundays at Noon)

Join hosts Libbi Davis and Brad Newcome for conversation that's informative, jovial, exciting, surprising and fun. It's all here! It's the TALK OF THE TOWN.

THE MEAN TIME

7:00-9:00 pm

Paul Funk says: "I won't be famous until after I'm dead, but already they're stealing my show titles. Never mind. Dog's You-Know-What was getting hard to swallow. This is my show and I'll play what I want to, play what I want to..."

WATCH THE LANGUAGE

9:00-midnight

Radio for those without television—by choice or by circumstance. Rude noises, suggestive dialogue, foreign influences and a bad attitude. By the time your parents find out, it'll be too late! Remote control by Paul C.

TUNES 'R' US

Midnight-4:00 am

SUNDAYS

MUSIC OF OUR TIME

8:00-Noon

Modern 20th Century classical music ranging from the tonal to the avant-garde. Commentary on the historical, technical and latest fashions with regards to all genres. Requests taken. Your host, Wolfgang J. Ehebald.

THE ROCKERS SHOW

12:30-3:00 pm

BLUES CITY SHAKEDOWN

3:00-4:00 pm

J.S. Finally, a tasty Blues show again on CITS. Everything from early Delta Blues to Chicago Urban Blues to contemporary blues-influenced rock. And anything in between. Tune in weekly to get your shot of the blues. Your host: Mike Dennis.

M.J.

STUFF

4:30-6:00 pm

I.B. Poetry and music stuff. Hopefully most of it choice. Hosts: Kevin Smith and Julia Steele.

SUNDAY MAGAZINE

6:00-6:30 pm

THE WAY WE SEE IT

6:30-7:00 pm

Join the CITS News Staff as they discuss a week of events and issues, causes and consequences. Learn all there is to know about a world of happenings, as each reporter gives story details and discusses its implications.

JUST LIKE WOMEN

7:00-9:00 pm

Tune in for invigorating and stimulating interviews, news and music for anyone interested in women's issues or learning more about them.

FAST FORWARD

9:00-Midnight

LIFE AFTER BED

Midnight-Whenever

FLOYD'S CORNER

2:00 am-Until Jeff fades...

Jeff G. pulls the cowshit from his boots and slings it on the turntable every Sunday night for all you funny-walking, shit-disturbing, cattle-riding winos.



Local Motion

THE BIG NEWS FOR AUGUST IS THAT the second annual **Canadian Independent Music Festival** (last year known as CIRAC), is happening here in Vancouver, Victoria, and Kelowna from the 20th to the 29th, thanks to those industrious folks at **Cattle Prod.** Since there'll be 50 or so great bands taking part (a little over half from other provinces) there's no way I can name them all here, but there's an ad elsewhere in these pages that should give you more details.

Also this month look for debut vinyl from **Bob's Your Uncle**—a self-titled "6 song LP" (sounds like the textbook definition of an EP to me) on London-based indie label Criminal Records, and **Cannon Heath Down**—a really nice sounding LP called *Heart Throb Companion* on their own Bongo Sunrise Records. **A Merry Cow** will soon be joining the ranks of bands with records too—their 5 song 12", tentatively entitled *Free Inflatable Ball*, is soon to be pressed and will feature a cover by the awesome **Carol Moisewitsch**. To tide **AMC** fans over until it's out, we've got a new demo from the band, a cover called *Rock Boppin' Baby*, taped live at the Arts Club.

And at last we can hear the results (well, at least partly) of **Stubborn Blood's** Shindig prize recording time, a demo including *Better Left Unsaid* and *Maybe*. Unfortunately, while that Stubborn Blood sound is definitely there, the recording just doesn't come through with the kind of energy I was expecting. Of course fans'll like it anyhow—they've been waiting along time, after all, and maybe it's this very wait that's made me get my hopes up. But even if Stubborn Blood is suffering a mild sophomore jinx, they're good enough to get away with it while it lasts. And I hope they *don't* change their

name!

The demo from Calgary's **Same Difference** came highly recommended by Go Four 3 bassist and former CTR president Gord Badanic, and for good reason. The obvious comparison is with the Cowboy Junkies, and the band's probably sick of

provocative feel that gives a unique pleasure. On top of their sound, Same Difference have good stage presence—when I saw them opening for the Gophers early in July at the Town Pump, they played bravely and without self-consciousness in front of a completely empty dance floor and almost empty club—a very difficult thing to do. (They've won me over, so much I've forgotten to mention the names of their songs—*Adrian* and *Past the Fires*.)

Also new in the way of demos are *In This Time* and *Rock the Botha* by those local faves **Roots Roundup**. These songs are long and infectiously fun, which shouldn't surprise anyone, since that is the band's reputation. They'll be headlining at the Venue on August 5th with a new keyboardist, Hugh Thomas.

Remember **Five Year Plan**, the band that gave us gargantuan demo hits *Socred Youth* and *On the Beach?* Well, they're back, kind of, as **Five Year Fuck**, and they've got a tape in the stores *right now*. As the name change might imply, the band's thematic focus has shifted away from politics, and the lyrics sound something like a cross between Norman Mailer and Suicidal Tendencies. Quite fun, and as an extra added bonus, Five Year Fuck has included with every recording, at no additional cost, forty-five minutes of blank tape (conveniently located on the B-side of the cassette) for you to record whatever you want! Like wow, an idea whose time has come!

(Also like wow to the **Subhumans**, who inspired just about every local luminary at their reunion gig at the Luv-A-Fair to pogo and stage-dive their brains out. And on the first anniversary of Slow blowing up Expo, happy birthday to Grant, Tom, and the Queen Mother.)

Janis McKenzie



hearing it, but Same Difference clearly have a sound of their own. It's the back-of-the-throat vocals that get Gord, yet the band isn't overshadowed by the voice—bass, guitar, and generally downplayed percussion (played by the band's only male) all weave around the vocals to give a dreamy

Wombat





It's your
LUCKY
SUNDAY



OPEN 7-12 P.M. SUNDAY

AUGUST 2 TBA
AUGUST 9 ROGUE FOLK CLUB
with MULLINGAR & JOHN McLACHLAN
AUGUST 16 TBA
AUGUST 23 TBA
AUGUST 30 ROGUE FOLK CLUB
with STEPHEN FEARING

SPECIAL EVENTS

AUGUST 5 RORY BLOCK -lix on sale now
AUGUST 19 STEVE DRAKE'S BIRTHDAY PARTY
FEATURING CROON TOONS, NERVE TUBES & MORE
AUGUST 20-29 2ND. ANNUAL CANADIAN INDEPENDENT
MUSIC FESTIVAL FEATURING OVER 30
BANDS FROM ACROSS THE COUNTRY.

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
FROM L.A. 3	4	5	6	7	MANGO DUB 1
DIVINE WEEKS 10	11	12	13	14	8
CHRIS HOUSTON 17	18	19	20	21	15
FROM MONTREAL 17	18	19	20	21	22
JERRY JERRY & THE SONS OF RYTHM ORCHESTRA 24	25	26	27	28	29
TBA 31	CANADIAN INDEPENDENT MUSIC FESTIVAL				

OPEN AT 7:30 - MONDAY - SUNDAY !!

AUGUST

CITR-FM & DISORDER PRESENT

NETTWERK/CAPITOL RECORD RELEASE PARTY

CHRIS and COSEY

SPK

Thursday August 20

GRACELAND

Tickets: VTC/CBO

Odyssey Imports

Track Records

Zulu Records

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STUDIO 47